

"He Leadeth Me."

"In pastures green?" Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be;
Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this—I know he holds my hand;
So, whether led in green or desert land,
I trust although I may not understand.

And by "still waters?" No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempest round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul: "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

So where He leads me, I can safely go:
And in the blest hereafter I shall know,
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.—SEL.

Silent Influence.

Essay read by Miss Mollie Gans at the Brethren S. S. Convention held at Berlin.

Influence is to man or to woman what fragrance is to the flower or flavor to fruit. It is a silent, a magnetic, a most wonderful power that we have over one another, by our thoughts, words, and actions. We can not see it or hear it but consciously or unconsciously we exert it. It is not confined to the scenes of our immediate action but extends to others and goes on and on long after we have passed away even after the world shall be no more. It is a solemn and awful thought that our influence which had a commencement here will never end but extend through all ages. Everything has a history and leaves an influence and we either exert a good or bad influence for neutral we can not be for our works will live after us and the seed we sow others will reap. How important that we use our influence in the right direction and be very careful that no act of ours could be such that would lead a person astray. The great sorrows of life are mercifully few but the innumerable petty ones cause many to grow weary of the burden of life. It is our daily living our patient taking up of all life's petty cases and worries our humble bearing of the cross, that go to form our influence and not our few good works done under the excitement of some grand sermon, or some great example which we wish to imitate, which shall speak for us after we have passed away.

Words to many of us seem little things but they possess a power beyond calculation, and well may we guard our lives so that none grieve in silence over the word we have carelessly dropped.

It is a terrible thought that some words of ours spoken only in jest might be the means of starting some soul on the downward road. Oh! many a shaft at random sent. Finds mark the archer little meant, and many a word at random spoken. "May sooth or wound a heart that's broken."

If we are to be so careful about our words, how much more careful we should be about our acts. "We touch not a wire but it vibrates to God." We may die and be forgotten but the good and evil we do is not buried with our bones.

The rolling rock leaves its marks on the mountain side. The sun sets beyond the eastern hill but he leaves a trail of light behind him which guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The coral insect dies but he leaves an island on the bosom of the ocean to wave with harvest for the good of man.

"And a gem is hidden in every deed,
And every word we say I know,
And be it a flower or a thistle seed,
It shall some time some where surely grow;
And on and on in the world we go,
On and on and we never know
The fruit that comes from the seed we sow."

Will mention one way in which we can and should use our influence. I do not think we can exert as much influence as John B. Gough, and other temperance reformers but I do know that there is a work for the young women at the present day and not only the young women but each and every one have their own work to do. J. G. Holland wrote in Mrs. Haye's album these words, "Women only can make wine drinking unfashionable and

heal the nation of this curse and dare we neglect such a grand opportunity in such a good cause.

Let us be up and doing while it is called to-day and rid the nation of this crying evil and not let another year roll with this the greatest curse the nation has ever known hanging over our heads. We pass to another thought.

What influence my Christian friends are we exerting in the Sabbath School and in the church?

Are we a stumbling block doing as Esau did selling our birth right for a mess of pottage or are we a bright and shining light living out our profession in the fullest sense of the words. If so in the end we shall hear the welcome "well done come up higher."

God's angels drop like grains of gold,
Our duties midst like shifting sands
And from them one by one we mould,
Our own bright crown with patient hands.

Sept. 12, 1886.

The Lord's Work.

BY BARBARA SNOWBERGER.

It sometimes seems to me that we, as members of the church of Christ, have not preformed our duty in the spread of the gospel. Our Master's last instructions were, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Out from Jerusalem went the early disciples everywhere preaching the word. The Pentecostal love and fervor was in their hearts as they went forth in the spirit of the Master. The great apostle to the Gentile counted not his life dear unto himself; but in pain and weariness and great persecution, he preached Christ and him crucified; no laying down the armor until he received the crown of martyrdom. With such examples as these we ought at least to give some thought and prayer and money to the cause of missions. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into his vineyard. The church of to-day ought to pray for labors. Each individual member ought to pray for consecration, to go wherever the Lord sends him. Not while here and there is a solitary herald of the cross, not until every soul has heard of a Saviour and his willingness to save, has the church carried out the last instructions of her Head.

There are yet eight hundred and fifty million heathens whose pitiful wail goes up to God as they blindly grope around his altar stairs seeking after him. To these people in their utter hopelessness, a hope beyond this life, such as the religion of Christ alone can give, would be to them an inestimable boon. To the women in heathen lands in their hard lives, tyrannized over by the men, the hope of something better after death would be a blessed hope. In our own blessed land we can not realize the hopeless misery and degraded condition of woman. Heathenism says women have no souls. They are unwelcomed at birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved at marriages and cursed as widows, and their only hope of immortality is that in some future transmigrations they may become men.

There are three hundred millions of Buddhist women without one ray of light in this dark night of heathenism. My sister's let us at least pray that the Son of Righteousness may speedily arise and shine upon their benighted way with healing in his wings. There is only one missionary to half a million people in heathen lands.

There are always some who say, why talk about the heathen in foreign lands, we have heathen at home? There is as great a want of laborers in the home field as in the foreign. Not long since a man died in a mining camp. His friends did not like to bury him without some religious service. There was no one to perform the service. Some one had heard of a man who had a Bible, he could at least read a chapter and perhaps pray. But he had gone. They had however heard that the teacher had a Bible. She too had gone away. No Bible in all that region. The man's body was committed to the earth without the soul cheering words of inspiration. And this in Christian America.

Denver, Aug. 1886.

Liberty.

BY A. A. COBER.

This endearing appellation has almost become stale by its frequentative use as the basis of treat-

ies. This multiplicative use does, however, not destroy the essence of the word nor its environments that are so fondly treasured up in the hearts of all liberty-loving people. The word perhaps second to "home" in standing, is as dear to our hearts as when it was first heralded throughout our nation, although it has practically lost much of its former application. First it received its true and full application; but later it has lost much of its original meaning by an extreme or unguarded practicability.

What was once liberty has since made man a slave. Liberty is the privilege or ability to do as one pleases. But the privilege of this ability has been abused and man has been enticed by its fanciful charms until he has become an abject slave. Privilege to indulge is right; but excessive indulgence makes man the servant of his own appetites and passions. The cry of the debauches is, "give me my liberty." This means ruinous excess for him, and tightens the shackles of bondage until his conscience has been perverted, his sensibilities depraved, and his powers of restraint rendered invincible. Privilege is an out growth of freedom, but too much privilege destroys the beauty and intent of freedom.

As a nation our liberty is all that might be desired; but as individuals we have either too much or restraint is improperly exercised. The Gospel advocates moderation; but rebukes all excessive indulgences.

Being free from all illegal enactments by ecclesiastical authority we now feel relieved; but the tendency toward looseness in church polity must not be unguarded or hopeless anarchy will be inevitable. An organization that can not stand when all its component parts are laid together is unworthy of support and is better in ruins than in a state of abstract fragments which can neither flourish nor abdicate. It is discouraging to see pillars of the church trembling under anticipations of setting the body on feet to enhance its propelling forces. This, it seems to me, is unnecessary restraint which can result only in a delay of what will have to be accomplished in the future with no better tools, plans, and opportunities than we now possess. It is evident from the working machinery we now possess, the surrounding circumstances, that the prospects of six month's or a year's delay will only give the same impetus or momentum that would be given at an earlier date with the intervening time lost. If this body is too sickly or weak to stand up, the earlier we discover the fact the better.

By avoiding the "old ruts" we must be careful and not grind out deeper ones than those from which we have just extricated ourselves. Instead of driving to extremes, let us walk the golden mean. Having become free from the unpleasant stocks that hitherto retarded our spiritual amelioration, let us not take advantage of our liberty and again jeopardize our grand project by over carefulness in avoiding the necessary means by which success may and must be achieved.

Individual looseness and excessiveness must also be guarded. Our liberty does not consist in ridiculing the things of the past and drifting into the sinful pleasantries of which we were once deprived and which should yet be avoided; but it consists in living true Christian lives and taking advantage of the means that were formerly withheld from us, which however add greatly to individual and collective spiritual development.

"Friend Wesley," wrote a Quaker to Rev. John Wesley, "I have had a dream concerning thee. I thought I saw thee surrounded with a large flock of sheep which thou didst not know what to do with. My first thought, after I awoke, was that it was thy flock at Newcastle, and that thou hadst no house of worship for them. I have enclosed a note for one hundred pounds which may help to build them a house." Many professing Christians have beautiful dreams about doing good, but those who practically remember their dreams, and act as did the Quaker, are few. Do not end with *dreaming*, but on the contrary, be *doers of the Word*; dream if you like, but let your dreams come to something substantial in the current coin of the realm, or in deeds of devotedness.—Selected.